

## The Road Congress.

Maj. B. M. Hord, Commissioner of Agriculture, has issued the following letter to the Chairmen of the County Courts:

"In February this year this bureau published a statement made up from the reports of the County Trustees, which shows the annual outlay for the maintenance of common highways in the State to exceed \$1,250,000. That this immense outlay has not brought the desired improvements of our roads is well known.

"Upon the invitation of the County Court of Davidson County a road congress will assemble in Nashville Aug. 26, 1896, and the several county courts have been asked to send delegates to this congress.

If the appointment of delegates from your county has not already been made, I respectfully ask you to do so at next quarterly meeting, and suggest that the very best men be chosen who will certainly attend this assembly. Representative men from all parts of the State, coming together for a definite purpose, will accomplish great good for the State by devising such methods of road improvement as should soon enable the farmer of Tennessee to realize in full the superior advantages of her commanding geographical position and her varied soils and productions."

We hope the Warren County Court will take this matter under consideration at its July term, and appoint delegates to the congress.

## Lee's Statue.

The Washington Post of May 29th, the day on which the equestrian statue of Gen. Lee was unveiled at Richmond, spoke editorially of the affair in the following liberal manner:

Lee was a soldier and a gentleman in the highest sense of both terms, despite the fact that he took up arms against the Government, under a mistaken sense of superior duty to his State. He possessed in a remarkable degree those qualities of character which command respect and win esteem. He was a citizen upon whose private life rests no reproach, and the South is not alone in her opinion of his greatness and goodness. The standard by which true manhood is measured is a universal, not a merely local or sectional standard.

The Post is not of those who hold that because of the South's hostility to the Federal Union she is thereby debarred from paying memorial tribute to her fallen leaders: or that because the issues of the war on which she fought and lost are dead, the brave men who fought and lost with her should therefore be buried in neglected graves and out of remembrance.

It is not in human nature that they should be. It casts no imputation upon the loyalty of the South to the restored Union that they are not.

Pitiful indeed would be the spectacle were the South so forgetful of her distinguished soldiers as not to celebrate their virtues and keep their memories green. Then indeed were her honesty to be questioned and her self-confessed humiliation to be despised, and the value of her citizenship to be discounted. The South is simply doing what any other people would do under similar circumstances.

The Southern people have accepted the results of the war. The lost cause is no more, nor ever more to be. It is a living cause for which they are now contending, and in view of the wonderful progress they have made in the last twenty-five years, of the sturdy, self-reliant capacity they have developed, of the readiness with which they bear whatever burden the Government imposes upon them, of the unquestionable alacrity with which they would rally to the defense of that Government were it once in peril, it will require something more than their veneration for Robert E. Lee to convince us that they are not sincere in their devotion to the old flag, or that beneath professions of loyalty they conceal a treasonable purpose.

So let the statue be unveiled in all its majestic proportions, midst music, oratory, and heroic ode. It will not endanger the liberties of the people. It will cause no patriot to draw a bated breath. It will shock no manly sensibility. It will simply show that the South retains a grateful appreciation of her noblest son, and commends his name to the muse of history as worthy of exalted perpetuation.

Subscribe for the STANDARD, \$1.

## Romance in the Life of an Author.

"It was in 1740," writes Crebillon, the celebrated French author, of the last century. "One day, in the afternoon, I was engaged in literary labor, when my valet informed me that a lady, closely veiled, wished to see me. I went to meet her with a kind of presentment.

"My dear sir," she said to me, when seated on the sofa, in my little salon, "nothing can be more simple. I have come from London to offer you my hand."

"Though habituated to all sorts of strange adventures, I confess I must have exhibited great surprise. Fortunately, the lady had raised her veil. I had already remarked her grace and distinction.

"Madame, you see me confounded by so much happiness, although marriage has never been among my habits, permit me to throw myself at your feet, and kiss the hand you deign to offer me."

"In fact, I threw myself, completely bewildered, at the feet of Miss Stafford. 'Madame, will you explain?'"

"Nothing is more simple. My fortune is in my own hands. I had resolved to bestow it only with my heart; but where to bestow my heart was the difficulty. I should have waited and sought still, had I not met with one of your works. You recall, without doubt, for you have infused in it so much of yourself, 'Les Egarements du Cœur et de l'Esprit,' a delicious book, which has but one fault, which is, that the heart has too much head. After having read it twenty times, I ordered my horses, embarked at Dover, took the post at Calais and arrived yesterday at Paris. I lost an entire day (for I should have seen you yesterday) in recruiting myself and in finding you out. Heaven be praised! you are there just as I imagined you, young, witty and distinguished."

"Thus spoke Miss Stafford. I was so little prepared for an adventure of this nature, that I knew not what to say. I gazed into her beautiful eyes, sparkling with love and pleasure. Another in my place would have imagined that he was the dupe of an adventuress, without heart or money; for my part, I felt at once that Miss Stafford was really Miss Stafford—that is to say, one of the handsomest, richest and most adorable young ladies of Great Britain. We were not married until a delay of six weeks. Miss Stafford wrote to her father, who was only softened at the fifth or sixth letter; he ended by yielding; not because I was the author of celebrated works, but because I was the son of M. Crebillon, a Burgundian gentleman, member of the French Academy, author of 'Electre ad Rhadamiste.'"

## The Bank of America.

This institution is not in Wall street. Its area is co-extensive with that of the land we live in. Geologists differ as to the date when its foundations were laid; and how deep they reach, nobody can tell. The bank of America is its marvelous soil, surcharged with undeveloped deposits. Millions of fortunes in the rough lie in its vaults and crypts and rock-ribbed strong boxes. All the drafts that enterprise and industry directed by science can make upon it for centuries to come are as sure to be honored as the sun is to shine.

No paper currency however "redundant," can represent its reserved capital, for the amount transcends all estimate. Talk of a soil that when tickled with a hoe laughs a flower. That's a trifle. Tickle California with a pick-axe, and she laughs gold. Give Idaho a dig in the ribs with a shovel, and she smiles silver. Raise the lid of Alabama, and a peal of merriment exults in her hidden treasures. Probe Pennsylvania with a big auger, and she spouts oil. Perforate the earth almost anywhere between Maine and Mexico, and you will get some cheering, pocket-filling mineral manifestation.

If we are a little extravagant as a nation, who can blame us, with solid and fluid treasures cropping out and bubbling up in almost miraculous profusion in nearly all the States and Territories of the Union? A fig for alchemy! Nature herself is in the act of "projection." Her crucibles are full. All we have to do is to break through the roof to her grand laboratory and help ourselves.

Kentucky boasts of its pretty women, fine horses, blue grass, and her celebrated Ganter's chicken cholera cure, which is sold on the "no-cure-no-pay" plan by W. H. Fleming.

Subscribe for the STANDARD, \$1.00.

## The Old Time Negro.

Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

They are passing away—the old fashioned negroes of the ante-bellum South—and the places which knew them once will soon know them no more forever. They will in a few years be entirely supplanted by a progeny little like their ancestors. The old plantation—"de white folks' house"—the negro quarters—the family ties which bound the two races together in bonds of affection and tender consideration which one must have experienced to appreciate—gone, all gone!

Old massa, old missus and the young massas and misses. What a happy family! And who ever mourned with more unfeigned grief than the old family servants the breaking up of the family when "old massa" died? Alas, it always fell upon the former with a bitterness born of the uncertain fate which awaited them afterwards!

But they are fast dying out; the old plantation songs have faded from the lips on which alone they were musical, which no other conditions may ever realize. Did you ever see the long procession of family servants—fifty or a hundred or more—follow the coffin which bore "ole massa" to his last resting place?

Down in the cornfield,  
Hear dat mournful sound;  
All de darkies am a-weeping,  
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

Talk about the negro dialect! No writer has ever approximated it unless he was born and reared on the old Southern plantation from childhood to age.

And Christmas times "befo' de war." The happy hearts in the "negro quarters" were up and singing like the lark before the dawn of day, for the "aunts" and uncles, those monarchs of that realm which has no succession—has been awake half the night "waiting for Christmas."

Were those the days of slavery, of barbarism, when white and black alike were happy only because they were ignorant?

But who would exchange these brand new days for the old? These days when the "colored ladies and gentlen" wear bangs, or carry a fazor or a cigarette?

Still, it is sad to think of a complete dying out of a race, one of the most interesting in the annals of time—one peculiar to itself, and which can never be reproduced. As the Indian passed beyond the Rocky Mountains to die away on the Western plains, so this race, as it was known of yore, is passing over the dividing ridge of two generations, to be known no more.

## Starting a Balking Horse.

On Friday afternoon a young man drove up East Main Street on the car tracks, says the "Rochester Democrat." He had a one-horse wagon and a load of hemlock slabs. When he got about half-way up East Main Street his horse balked. There was a row of street cars behind him which reached to the four corners in a few minutes, and every driver was leaning out from his platform and yelling more or less emphatically at the young man to start his horse.

The young man climbed down from the wagon and tried to start the horse. He coaxed, swore, tried to lead and then to push the horse along but to no purpose. The animal wanted a vacation, and wanted it right away.

Meantime a crowd had collected on the sidewalk and yelled:

"Twist his tail!"  
"Build a fire under him!"  
"Put pepper in his nose!"  
"Stick a pin in him!"  
"Club him!"  
"Get a whip of hay and lead him!"  
"Hitch a team to him!"  
"Blow smoke in his ears!"

By this time the street cars drivers were frantic, but the horse did not seem to care. He never moved. Finally an old farmer came down the walk, stopped, saw what was the matter, and went up to where the horse stood. He reached up to the horse's head and stuck his fingers down in one of the horse's ears.

The effect was almost instantaneous. The horse started up instantly and the street cars moved on again.

## Female Weakness Positive Cure.

TO THE EDITOR:  
Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours respectfully, DR. J. B. MAR-CHISI, 183 Genessee St., Utica, N. Y.

# THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE TONIC

## AND Stomach and Liver Cure

The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.

It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar. It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the Great South American Medicine Company, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by the native inhabitants of South America, who rely almost wholly upon its great medicinal powers to cure every form of disease by which they are overtaken.

This new and valuable South American medicine possesses powers and qualities hitherto unknown to the medical profession. This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and diseases of the general Nervous System. It also cures all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the Great Nervine Tonic qualities which it possesses and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body and as a great renewer of a broken down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the Lungs than any ten consumption remedies ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic almost constantly for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

## CURES

Nervousness and Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache and Sick Headache, Female Weakness, All Diseases of Women, Nervous Chills, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Nervous Choking, Hot Flashes, Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency, Sleeplessness, St. Vitus's Dance, Nervousness of Females, Nervousness of Old Age, Neuralgia, Pains in the Heart, Pains in the Back, Failing Health.

All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nervine Tonic.

## NERVOUS DISEASES.

As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir, are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied, and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This recent production of the South American Continent has been found, by analysis, to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its magic power to cure all forms of nervous derangements.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Aug. 20, '96.

To the Great South American Medicine Co.:

DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the stomach and nerves. I tried every medicine I could hear of but nothing done me any appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottles of it I must say that I am surprised at its wonderful powers to cure the stomach and general nervous system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do, you would not be able to supply the demand.

J. A. HARDEE, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.

## A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITUS'S DANCE OR CHOREA.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., May 19, 1896.

My daughter, twelve years old, had been afflicted for several months with Chorea or St. Vitus's Dance. She was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk, could not talk, could not swallow anything but milk. I had to handle her like an infant. Doctor and neighbors gave her up. I commenced giving her the South American Nervine Tonic; the effects were very surprising. In three days she was rid of the nervousness, and rapidly improved. Four bottles cured her completely. I think the South American Nervine Tonic the grandest remedy ever discovered, and would recommend it to everyone.

MRS. W. R. ENNINGER, State of Indiana, Montgomery County, ss:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this May 19, 1897.

CHAS. M. TRAVIS, Notary Public.

Mr. Solomon Bond, a member of the Society of Friends, of Darlington, Ind., says: "I have used twelve bottles of The Great South American Nervine Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and I consider that every bottle did me one hundred dollars worth of good, because I have not had a good night's sleep for twenty years on account of irritation, pain, horrible dreams, and general nervous prostration, which has been caused by chronic indigestion and dyspepsia of the stomach and by a broken down condition of my nervous system. But now I can lie down and sleep all night as sweetly as a baby, and I feel like a sound man. I do not think there has ever been a medicine introduced into this country which will at all compare with this Nervine Tonic as a cure for the stomach."

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1897.

My daughter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus's Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus's Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health from whatever cause.

JOHN T. MISH, State of Indiana, Montgomery County, ss:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1897.

CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.

## INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nervine Tonic

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the Stomach, because the experience and testimony of thousands go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

Harriet E. Hall, of Waynetown, Ind., says: "I owe my life to The Great South American Nervine Tonic. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted Stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it the best medicine in the world. I can not recommend it too highly."

Mrs. Ella A. Bratton, of New Ross, Indiana, says: "I can not express how much I owe to the Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood; am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

## RITCHIEY &amp; BOSTICK,

Sole Wholesale and Retail Agents for Warren County  
M'MINNVILLE, TENNESSEE.

EVEN Y BOTTLE WARRANTED.

Price, Large 18 ounce Bottles, \$1.25. Trial Size, 15 cents